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ODD WAYS OF MAKING A LIVING.
IT is a poor country village which cannot support an entire baker, or shoemaker, or tailor; but no country village will support an integer human being in the business of furnishing meat for cats and dogs, or maintain a whole beggar upon a crossing. In the country, only the right-down, old-established, universally recognised trades are practised. If we be on the outlook for odd ones, we must go to some seat of vast population, where not only have men more wants, but a sufficient number exist, by clubbing minute and rarely occurring parts, to furnish occupation for persons who in small towns could only exist in fractions or not at all. For example, a heraldry painter could only exist in a large town. Nottingham would not perhaps require above one-fifteenth of a professor of that art, and Exeter possibly a tenth. Dundee, though more populous, being also more mercantile, would probably rest satisfied with a fiftieth or a sixtieth. Edinburgh, being an aristocratic town, takes a whole one. Local circumstances also, give rise in great cities to extraordinary modes of making a livelihood.

During the stock-jobbing mania which reigned in Paris under the auspices of Mr Law, the Rue Quinquepoix was the grand scene of operations. By law the business was confined to that spot, which was accordingly crowded daily with people of all ranks and conditions, eagerly engaged in bargaining for slips of paper representing nothing. Desks and writing materials were in great request, but in so crowded a space it was not easy to obtain them. In this exigency, a hump-backed man let out his deformity for the adventurers to scribble upon; and so useful did he thus become, or so lavish were his customers, that he is said to have made a hundred and fifty thousand livres in a few days. Here, circumstances, local and moral, such as could only exist in a large city, gave occasion for what must certainly be esteemed a singular mode of gaining a living. It was also, however, ingenious in the little man to think of it. Many men equally crooked, but less clever, would have seen the tide of fortune running through the Rue Quinquepoix for ever, without taking such an advantage of it. He deserved his hundred and fifty thousand livres, if only for his sagacity and willingness to turn himself to account.

The nearest thing to the case of the hunchback is that of the individuals who agree to perambulate the streets of London, enclosed between two boards, each containing advertisements. It is only about five-and-twenty years, if we are not greatly mistaken, since this fashion began, its cause being the extreme difficulty experienced in the metropolis, of getting the public made acquainted with the qualities and cheapness of certain wares, the hopefulness of new lottery schemes, the virtues of certain medicines, and other matters greatly for their advantage, if they would only open their eyes and think so. The spectacle of a man consenting to be labelled for the good of his country, was such a new feature in the moral world, as could not fail to draw great attention. Every body gazed with wonder and respect on the bearded hero, as he walked gravely and solemnly along the street, saying nothing, and yet so eloquent all over—

"One would have almost said his body thought—"

looking as if he were quite unconscious of anything particular, and yet practising a silent ventriloquism all the time—readable also in the rear, like a book telling a great deal in the back-title—and taking care every now and then to turn and walk in a different direction, so that he might be perused on both sides. A few might smile; but he was armed in proof against railery, and, like an ancient knight in the tilt-yard, might have even been thrown down and trodden upon without suffering much inconvenience. The wits let fly many shafts at him. He was likened to the mantis or walking leaf, and people talked of his back as his

second page. He was said to be a new kind of herald, who had dismissed the trumpet and voice, and resolved to give his proclamations on the tabard. When his placards were changed, he was said to have been put to press and brought out in a new edition. A typographical error being pointed out in him, he was said to be, what few men liked to consider themselves, liable to correction. Another wag instituted a comparison between his trade and that of certain journalists residing in the neighbourhood of his principal walk. Our walking placard, said he, lets out his body at so much a-day, for the purpose of asserting a few highly questionable facts about genuine tea, matchless cigars, and what not. In like manner, the journalist of the kind hinted at, lets out his brain to detail, daily or weekly, all the dubious facts and malicious party slanders and sarcasms which it may please his employers to circulate. Our testudinous friend, though, as he walks the Strand, he may feel a little advertisingly, yet regards himself as a mere mechanical medium for the representation of certain statements, the truth or falsity of which is only known to others. So does our journalising friend consider himself as a mere intellectual medium for the setting forth of allegations, which may be true or false for any thing he knows. Thus, also, the gentleman lured in advertisements has no predilections as to the things he advertises, walking with equal satisfaction under the vegetable medicines which are sure to destroy his fellow-creatures, and the cheap gentlemen's apparel, which not improbably is worth all it costs. So is the other gentleman quite as ready to give proper literary shape to the calumnies of one party as to the calumnies of another. In the one case, it is a back and front which does the work; in the other, it is a brain. There is positively no difference in the two trades—excepting perhaps that the gentleman mailed in boards and posted with placards is probably able to set up his face a great deal more confidently for what he is about, than would be the gentleman of the Mail or Post, or whatever other name he may delight in.

One of the most odd of all the out-of-the-way modes of gaining a living in our metropolis, is that practised by gentlemen who haunt the wine-vaults at the docks. They are understood to inherit from nature an unusually delicate palate, which, with great experience in the characters of various wines, is supposed to qualify them to an unusual degree for making selections of those liquors for intending purchasers. Their living is literally from hand to mouth. They are fed by both dealers and private gentlemen to accompany them into the vaults, and give their judgment respecting the wines submitted to them. If they were to swallow any considerable part of what they taste, they would soon lose the power of judging, or doing any thing else. They are scrupulous to discharge from their mouths whatever they take as a tasting; and yet, it is said, this cannot be done so effectually, but that, in the course of time, their health is affected by their course of life, and they break down at a comparatively early age. The sensations which they experience in the line of their duties, are of a very exquisite nature, and these they describe in a language quite their own—full of fine analogies. One engaged as a witness at a trial, where a cargo of wine was the matter in dispute, avowed his certainty that the wine which was sent was different from the sample, as was contended by the plaintiff. "And how do you know that?" inquired the opposite counsel. "Oh, it is quite a different wine to my taste. There was a fine *farewell flavour* about the sample, which the wine sent totally wants." A book on his trade by one of these gentlemen would be a pneumatological curiosity. Why, in this age of practical literature, does not some one bring out a little gilt-edged tome, entitled "A Gentleman's Adventures in search of a Pipe of Wine?"

Some years ago, in one of the large towns of the West of England (perhaps similar cases are not un-

known elsewhere), a man became notorious for a very peculiar kind of business. He was, ostensibly at least, a builder, a sullen misanthropic wretch, without domestic ties of any kind, and apparently bent on gold only for its own sake, as he lived in the style of a miser. This man was constantly prowling about the outskirts of the town, marking the progress of building operations, and acquainting himself with circumstances relative to property in land and houses. When a new factory was about to be set up, he would, if possible, purchase some bit of ground near by, the possession of which he calculated must be sooner or later necessary to the comfort of the parties concerned, and which of course he would only sell at an enormous price. When he saw a gentleman getting a handsome house built, he was sure, if at all possible, to buy a rood of land opposite to it, and there deliberately begin to erect an anomalous little edifice, curiously composed of shingle and brick, with chimneys perking up like the ears of a donkey, and the whole approximating in character to a dog-kennel, if approximating to any thing known upon earth. Imagine the alarm of a jolly manufacturer at seeing his vision of a fairy palace thus blasted by a cunning old villain, equally inaccessible to soft entreaty and stormy menace—one who would go on with the construction of his wretched hovel, with as much apparent interest in its architecture and purpose as could be manifested by the gentleman himself respecting his elegant mansion—cool, steady, determined to persevere while it suited his pleasure and convenience to do so—not to be driven from his point either by cries of "shame!" from the passing populace, or the infuriated face of the impending tyrant looking poisoned arrows from the unfinished drawing-room windows on the other side of the way—in short, quite a suburban Hampden, determined to defend his dog-kennel to the last extremity. The victim, after a fortnight's writhing, would propose to purchase the rood with the building in the course of being erected upon it, when, as might be expected, an exorbitant price would be asked. He would retire, determined not to purchase. He would for a little time stop the building of his house, and deliberate if it were not better to plant it somewhere else, even at a great loss, than to give in to the old fellow. During this interval, the dog-kennel would also make a pause, as if out of respect. Then the gentleman would take heart again, and go on, when instantly the building of the eyesore would also proceed. The unfortunate man would turn over a thousand schemes—he would think of building a high wall in front of his house to shut out the view—he would change his plan, and make the drawing-room look in another direction; but all would be in vain. Like a fatigued salmon landed after all its struggles by the inexorable angler, he would be obliged to come in at last, and buy up the property of his annoyer at the price of some goodly field. But one small joy was his, to set off against the anguish he had endured for months—and that was felt, when, the bargain being completed, he could rush across the way, hatchet in hand, and hack and hew away at the dog-kennel, till his sinews were tired, or his long-suspended destructiveness had gratified itself to the utmost.

This old wretch went on building temples to the Genius of Annoyance for several years, and so well did he calculate in most cases, that in time he became extremely rich. He acquired the name of Eyesore Jack, and was the subject of a curious interest to those who recognised his mean, insidious-looking person on the street. It was strange, certainly, to reflect on one who appeared to have no aim in life but to give discomfort to his fellow-creatures, and seek for a wretched aliment in their groans. But the old remark about the pitcher held good in his case, as it does in so many others. A couple of enterprising builders had reared a row of neat houses in a genteel part of the suburbs, and were beginning to get them sold to considerable

advantage, when they learned one day that Jack—the tremendous Eyesore Jack—had succeeded, through the intervention of an agent, in obtaining a long lease of a large field opposite, on which it was his design immediately to commence a brick-work! The men were like to go wild with vexation; but their whole fortune was at stake, and they determined to fight the old villain to the last extremity. It chanced that another person had been in terms for the leasehold of the field, and had every thing but completed the arrangement. To him the two frantic builders applied. If we recollect the circumstances rightly, it was discovered in conversation that the day on which the bargain was to have been fulfilled, was a holiday, so that the non-fulfilment of the bargain might not necessarily be held as voiding it. On this point the two men fastened with avidity, and they easily succeeded, by various considerations, in inducing the other party to raise an action for recovery of the field. It was destined to be the last of the fields of our friend Jack. He battled it through the medium of the proprietor of the ground as long as he could, but was ultimately cast, with the loss of all his ill-gotten gains. He died not long after in abject penury.

Many examples of modes of living not much more honourable than that of Eyesore Jack might be cited: that of the informer, for one example, might give occasion to a whole paper, or even to a volume. But we shall content ourselves for the present with requesting all who are in the custom of execrating the caitiffs who live by such arts, to reflect if there be not something to find fault with in their own line of doing. Many professions pass very well with the world, which, nevertheless, to the eye of a watchful conscientiousness, appear by no means pure or laudable. The test we would have applied is the inquiry, "Does my profession or occupation conduce solely to the good of my fellow-creatures, or is it not rather in some degree a source of evil to them?" Unless the answer, "It does conduce solely to the good of mankind," can be clearly and readily given, the party may be satisfied that his profession or occupation, however sanctioned by the toleration of the common world, is a vicious one. As such we would hold all those which minister in any way to bad appetites and misleading vanities, as well as all those which depend on the keeping up of strife, whatever gowns and diplomas and honoured appellatives may belong to them. Let none of the professors of such arts or professions presume to execrate Eyesore Jack, until they have come out of their own evil ways.

HEALTH OF SOLDIERS.

It is well known that the range of the military duties of the country occasionally leads portions of our army into situations where the health of the men is exposed to great dangers and vicissitudes. Hence young men, whom choice or circumstances induce to enter the ranks, and who have an aversion to expose themselves to such climates as those of Africa or Guiana, sometimes take the precaution, before enlisting, to select a corps which has been lately abroad, and which is not likely, on that account, to be soon sent from home again. But we question much if any young man desirous to enlist ever thought of giving the preference to one regiment over another, on the score of the rejected one being habitually less healthy, or, in plain words, subject to greater mortality, when both are permanently stationed at home, and are circumstantially alike in almost every respect. A Parliamentary Report on the health of the Home Troops, however, proves that certain regiments are thus more liable to death than certain other regiments, even where no difference in food, duties, and climate, can be traced. Besides this somewhat remarkable circumstance, there are others noticed in the Report alluded to, which may have some interest for our readers.

Comparing the annual mortality occurring in the regiments of Dragoon Guards serving in the United Kingdom, with that occurring in the regiments of Foot Guards, a very remarkable discrepancy, indeed, is found to exist. The average yearly number of deaths in the Dragoon Guards, from the years 1830 to 1836 (inclusive), amounted to 15 3-10ths in every thousand men. In the Foot Guards, again, the mortality was greater by nearly a third, and this did not arise from any temporary causes, but was in correspondence with the results of previous years. The precise mortality in the Foot Guards amounted to 21 6-10ths in the thousand. To put the difference between the mortality of the two classes of troops in a stronger light, it may be stated, that, between the 1st of January 1830, and the 31st March 1837, the number of deaths in the Foot Guards was 745; and that the

average annual number of men in these regiments, during that period, amounted to 4764. In the same number of Dragoon Guards (and Dragoons serving in the United Kingdom, which are also included in these calculations), the mortality during the same number of years amounted to only two-thirds of 745, or to about 500 persons. This is a fact calculated to arrest attention very forcibly, and to excite curiosity as to its cause. The medical tables in the Report, which detail the diseases to which the whole preceding mortality is owing, and the proportions in which each disease is destructive, show at least the near or immediate cause. The ratio of deaths from diseases of every kind excepting those of the lungs, is, in the Foot Guards, 7.5; in the home Dragoon troops, 7.6. The ratio of deaths from diseases in the lungs alone, is, in the Foot Guards, 14.1; in the Dragoons, only 7.7. This places the comparative total proportions of deaths exactly as before shown.

FOOT GUARDS.	DRAGOON TROOPS.
Deaths from lung diseases 14.1	Deaths from lung diseases 7.7
.... from other diseases 7.5 from other diseases 7.6

21.6 15.3

It is plainly through diseases of the lungs, then, and through diseases of the lungs alone, that the Foot Guards lose, in seven years, nearly two hundred and fifty more men than are lost out of an equal numerical force of the Dragoon Guards and Dragoons. The next question is, to what cause is the prevalence of pulmonary complaints among the Foot Guards to be ascribed? These calculations, as has been stated more than once already, apply exclusively to the home service of all these troops. But the dragoon regiments, though within the United Kingdom, are chiefly resident in provincial districts, or at least are not fixed in the metropolis of the empire, as the Foot Guards almost uniformly are in time of peace. Hence it may be supposed that the climate of London, which is demonstrably less favourable, on the whole, to health than the rural districts, may cause the pulmonary ailments of the Foot Guards; but there are many reasons for determining this supposition, plausible and probable as it seems, to be incorrect. In the first place, "it has been ascertained (we quote the Report) that out of a thousand deaths among the civil population of the city, from 1830 to 1835, the number by diseases of the lungs was 328, being scarcely one-third of the whole; whereas, out of 745 deaths among the Foot Guards, not less than 487, or upwards of two-thirds, were from these diseases." A second and almost conclusive argument against attributing the pulmonary diseases of the Foot Guards to the metropolitan climate, is derived from examining the extent of the mortality among another class of troops, those usually called the Household Cavalry, and which include only the two regiments called Life Guards, and the one styled the Royal Horse Guards. This class of troops is also exposed to the climate of the capital, yet the total annual deaths from all diseases have averaged only 14.5 in the thousand men, during the seven successive years ending with 1836. Out of these deaths, a proportion only of 8.1 has been from diseases of the lungs, whereas the Foot Guards have lost, as has been stated, 14.1 per thousand from the same causes.

It may be imagined, since the comparison made here has only been between the Foot Guards and cavalry troops, that the latter service may possibly be healthier on the whole, at all times and under all circumstances, than the infantry service. But this does not appear to be the case. The average annual mortality among the infantry serving at home, and without any special drawback upon their health, seems to have always been about 15 per thousand, nearly the same as that in the Dragoons and Dragoon Guards. We are still at a loss, therefore, to explain the cause of the Foot Guard mortality. Captain Tulloch, whose name is appended to the Parliamentary Report on this subject, mentions that the Foot Guards have a comparatively severe amount of night duty to perform; but continues to remark, that this can scarcely afford any explanation, "since even among the troops of the line serving at home, whose constitutions have been deteriorated in some instances by residence in tropical or unhealthy climates, and who have an equal share of night duty to perform, the mortality by diseases of the lungs is much lower." In short, the Report can find no explanation of the great loss of men in the Foot Guards, excepting by referring to their "moral and physical" habits. In the greater deterioration existing in this respect, the cause appears to the reporter to lie. The subject is one worthy of inquiry. An excess of mortality to the amount of two hundred and fifty men in the course of a few years, when compared (all circumstances being equal) with other regiments, is a matter

calculated forcibly to arrest the attention, it might be thought, of the medical department of the army, and lead to the proposition of steps for the care of the evil. The young enlists, alluded to in the commencement of the paper, may be warned by these facts, if very regardful of life and health, that the ordinary regiments of the army present a safer field for military service than the dignified corps of Foot Guards. Nay, the Foot Guards show greater unhealthiness, or rather mortality, than the regiments serving in many foreign countries that are by no means famed for salubrity. At Malta, for example, where such casualties as plague and fever are frequent, the average annual mortality for the last twenty years has been but 16.3 per thousand. That of the Foot Guards at home, it will be remembered, was 21.3.

From the soldiery being in some measure a body of picked men, and from the careful superintendence to which their course of life is subjected, it might be anticipated that the general mortality among them would fall beneath, or be less than, that of *civilians*, or the community at large. But this is found not to be the case. The mortality in the army, speaking always of home service, is equal to the mortality among civilians where that is at the very highest—namely, in the large cities of the land. In any calculations of this kind, of course, we must keep in view the ages at which men serve in the army. The average age of the whole soldiery has been found to be nearly 30. By the Carlisle tables, which exhibit the mortality of the general population of this country, the number annually decreasing out of a thousand civilians of the age of 30, is about 10. The ratio deduced from the ordinary population returns is about 11.5 per thousand. Now, both of these conclusions fall very considerably beneath the average yearly mortality per thousand of the soldiery, which comes as closely as possible to 15 and a fraction. The cause of this military unhealthiness, it is said, is the residence of the troops in the larger towns, and when we inquire how many civilians of 30 perish there in the thousand, we certainly find that the mortality reaches 15 or 16. This assuredly countenances the supposition that the general health of the army is affected by residence in large towns. One cannot but be still surprised, however, that the army should not, under any circumstances, be a much more healthy body. That men so carefully selected for bodily vigour, and so carefully tended afterwards, should equal in unhealthiness the least healthy divisions of the whole general population of the empire, is a circumstance which one could never anticipate, and which such accurate Reports only, as the one before us, could induce us to believe.

Another very striking circumstance to be gathered from this Parliamentary document, is the number of suicides that take place in the British army. In the statistical tables given by Quetelet, a recent continental writer, the number of suicides committed in different countries is tabularly stated, and compared respectively with the amount of the population. In France there is annually 1 suicide to 18,000 inhabitants; in Prussia, 1 to 14,404; in Austria, 1 to 20,900; in Russia, 1 to 49,182; in the state of New York, United States, 1 to 7797; and in Boston city, 1 to 12,500. In the Dragoon regiments of Britain, however, there takes place annually, or has done at least for the last seven years, 1 suicide in 1274. It is true, that the vast disproportion here is to be viewed with some reservations, seeing that the whole population of a country, including all ages and sexes, is reckoned in the preceding statements from Quetelet, whereas the Dragoons are composed of men only, at the age when suicide most frequently occurs. Yet, all things considered, 35 suicides out of 686 deaths, which was the total mortality among the Dragoon regiments for seven and a quarter years, must be held as a very large proportion. The suicides among the civil population of London are calculated to amount to 1 in 5000. "The proportion (says the Report) of suicides is found to be higher among the Dragoon regiments, however, than any other description of force, probably because these corps contain more of that class who have by dissipation or extravagance reduced themselves from a higher sphere in life to the necessity of enlisting, and on whose minds this change of condition may, in some instances, operate so powerfully as to lead to self-destruction." The Report styles the subjects of military suicides one that particularly claims attention, but does not, so far as we notice, give any conjecture as to the cause of their great comparative frequency. It seems to us that two reasons will go far to explain the matter. The first one hinges on the fact just adverted to, that enlistment is the resource of numerous young men who have ruined themselves already in civil life, and with such individuals not only the Dragoons, but every other corps in the service, is liberally supplied. The second reason is, that the means of self-destruction are ever at the soldier's elbow. The poor wretch of a cit or clerk who has squandered his all at the gaming-table, and who issues from the earthly Pandemonium some hours after midnight in a state of desperation, has probably no pistol at home to end his misery, and ere the morning arrives, bringing with it the opportunity of procuring the deadly instrument, he has tasted sleep, and his brain is cooled, though yet his spirits may be very low. Hope gradually springs up again, and the crisis is past. With the soldier, the case is unfortunately very different. The means of self-destruction are ever at his side, and the first mad impulse is the deed is but too often obeyed in consequence.

Reports such as that before us must be of great value in establishing various important points connected with the comparatively new science of Statistics, on which so many interesting questions in the social and political economy of nations are now seen to depend. On this score alone, these Reports deserve all possible commendation.

THE HON. C. A. MURRAY'S WORK ON AMERICA.

ALMOST every journalising traveller who has visited the American Union of late years, has devoted so much space to tedious and even disgusting details respecting the merely personal habits and manners of the people, that we are delighted to meet with such a tourist as the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray, who gives a plain unspeculative account of what he saw and heard on the other side of the Atlantic, and, making no pretensions to the character of a profound observer, has presented the world with a work brimful of lively description, incident, and adventure.* The author left Britain on the 18th of April 1834, and had got more than a thousand miles out to sea, when the ship sprang a leak that baffled all attempts at discovery, and made the captain glad to run into the Azores, after nine days of extreme peril and incessant labour at the pumps. On again putting to sea, the vessel reached America in safety. Our traveller's account of his sea dangers, as well as of his stay at the Azores, is full of animation and interest. We should also find sufficient matter for the reader's amusement in following Mr Murray in his windings through the United States, the chief cities of which, including New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati, and others, he visited and has described; but we prefer, for the present at least, to pass on to what appears to us a particularly entertaining portion of the work, namely, the narrative of the author's somewhat romantic summer residence with a tribe of Pawnee Indians. He had no intention to perform any suchfeat originally, but, having descended the Ohio from Cincinnati, and afterwards gone up the Missouri to Fort Leavenburg, the westernmost military station of the United States, he was induced, through a love of hunting and adventure, to take "a hasty but determined resolution" of accompanying a body of Pawnees, then accidentally on a visit to the fort, in their travel inland to the encampments of their tribe. The result of his expedition will go far to undeceive the world respecting the Indian tribes, and to dispel the illusions which have been generated by the specious and exaggerated representations of novelists. In the case of these savages, as in every other similar case, ignorance, it will be seen, is the parent of vice and wretchedness of every kind. With it, the exercise of the better and nobler sentiments of man's nature cannot coexist, and Mr Murray's excursion cannot but do good, in as far as it has enabled him to bear competent testimony to this important truth, in an instance where misapprehension has long prevailed.

With one fellow-traveller and companion, a Mr V., two attendants, several horses, and a considerable amount of baggage, of which powder and shot, trifling presents for the Indians, and articles of food, formed the most important items, Mr Murray, on the 7th of July 1835, set forth on his travel with the Pawnee party, who took the straight course to join their wives and families, or, in other words, their tribe or village. After a march of fourteen days, rendered most fatiguing by the broken nature of the ground, and by the rapid rate at which the Indians travel, the party came up with the main tribe, then stationed at one of the temporary encampments which they occupy during the hunting or summer season. The grand chief of the tribe gave the white travellers a friendly reception, in return for which Mr Murray expressed his gratitude through a sort of half Pawnee half French interpreter, and gave the circle of chiefs a little brandy and water from his flask. Not wishing, however, to originate in them a relish for ardent liquor, which uniformly debases their character, he diluted the potion largely. "It was not a little amusing to see how readily the Pawnee-French interpreter entered into my views on this subject. I once or twice lent him my small pocket flask, and allowed him to serve out the weak toddy to the chiefs; he talked most gravely of the pernicious effects of spirits among 'les sauvages' (he himself being more than two-thirds of

one), carefully mixed for them at least nine proportions of water for one of brandy, and then, with equal gravity, helped himself to a dram, in which he exactly reversed the aforesaid proportions." Mr Murray then continues—"As soon as this introductory feast was concluded, we accompanied the chiefs to the village, which was about twelve miles ahead of us; at length we came in sight of it, and a more interesting or picturesque scene I never beheld. Upon an extensive prairie gently sloping down to a creek, the winding course of which was marked by a broken line of wood here and there interspersed with a fine clump of trees, were about *five thousand* savages, inclusive of women and children; some were sitting under their buffalo skin lodges lazily smoking their pipes, while the women were stooping over their fires, busily employed in preparing meat and maize for these indolent lords of the creation. Far as the eye could reach, were scattered herds of horses, watched (or, as we should say in Scotland, 'tent') by urchins, whose whole dress and equipment was the slight bow and arrow, with which they exercised their infant archery upon the heads of the taller flowers, or upon any luckless blackbird perched near them. Here and there might be seen some gay young warrior ambling along the heights, his painted form partially exposed to view as his bright scarlet blanket waved in the breeze; while the banks of the stream were alive with the garrulous voices of women, some washing themselves, their clothes, or their infants, others carrying water to the camp, and others bearing on their backs a load of wood, the portage of which no London coalheaver would have envied them."

This encampment was only a temporary one, but during all the subsequent hunting movements of the tribe, Mr Murray and his servant resided in the tent of an old and most kindly chief, named Sanitsarish, while the other two whites had their abode in another great man's tent. Sanitsarish had a family and several wives, but our traveller dispels all the romantic notions which the pretty Annual tales about Indian girls had instilled into our minds. "Among the Pawnee females (says he) I never saw one instance of beauty, either in face or figure—of neatness in dress, cleanliness in appearance, or of any one of those graceful and attractive attributes which generally characterise the softer sex. Their life is one of perpetual degradation and slavery." A little farther on, our traveller gives the details of a Pawnee wife's daily existence, which would be unsupportable but for the aid derived from her two or three companions in matrimony, who are usually her sisters; for a Pawnee, after marrying an elder sister, has a right to wed *all* the younger ones in succession, as they grow up. "She (the Pawnee wife) rises an hour before daylight, packs up the dried meat, the corn, and other bales, strikes the tent, loads and saddles all the horses and mules, and at dawn the march commences; they generally go from twelve to fifteen miles before their mid-day halt; the husband *rides*, some animals are loaded, many run loose; she travels on foot, carrying on her back either a child or a package of considerable size, in one hand a bundle or a can of water, with the other leading one or two pack-horses. On arriving at the camping-place, she unpacks the animals, and proceeds to pitch the tent. But in order to appreciate the extreme labour of this apparently simple operation, it must be borne in mind that she has to force eight or ten poles, sharpened at the point, into ground baked nearly as hard as brick by a vertical sun; they require to be driven at least six inches deep by the mere strength of her arms, as she is not assisted by the use of any iron-pointed instrument or any mallet. As soon as the tent is pitched and arranged, she goes in search of wood and water; the latter is generally within half a mile of the camping-place selected, but the former, I can positively affirm from my own observation, she frequently has to seek and carry on her back three or four miles.

From mingled commiseration and curiosity, I have once or twice raised these wood bundles thus brought in, and am afraid to hazard a conjecture at their weight, but I feel confident that any London porter would charge high for an extra load, if he was desired to carry one of them half a mile: she then proceeds to light the fire, cut up the meat, and pound the corn, for which latter purpose she is obliged to use a heavy club, round at the extremity, and a mortar, hollowed by herself from the trunk of a walnut. As soon as the meal is finished, she has to strike the tent, reload the horses, and that the *whole foregoing work is to be repeated*, except that the afternoon walk is generally not more than eight miles.

This is the ordinary routine of a travelling day; but on the day of a hunt, and on its successor, her labour varies in kind, not much in degree, as, besides bringing wood and water, cooking, &c., she has to cut up all the meat into thin flakes or layers to be dried in the sun, to dress the skins and robes, to make the moccasins, leggings, and, in short, whatever clothing is wanted by any part of the family. To perform this incredible labour there were only three women in our lodge, and I never saw any of the three either grumble or rest a moment, although plagued with the additional care and ceaseless crying of two brats. Lest it may be supposed that in the permanent or winter lodge they

enjoy more rest, it is as well to mention, that, in addition to their domestic duties, the whole of the agricultural labour, in their coarse system of raising maize, falls to their share. Is it possible to contemplate this constant and severe fatigue, undergone with uncomplaining cheerfulness, without pity and admiration?

The tents of the savages are covered with skins, and the interior, also, is strewn with skins or mats. Each inmate sleeps on his own blanket or buffalo robe; has his assigned place, with his bow, quiver, saddle, and bridle, close beside him; and thus little confusion prevails, although each individual has only just room to sit or lie at full length. The screaming of sick and spoiled children (who soon convinced our traveller of the absurdity of the assertion that "Indian children never cry"), the babbling of females, and the howling of about *four thousand* village dogs outside, rendered Mr Murray's nights at first rather uncomfortable. Customs made him sleep in spite of these annoyances, and in spite, also, of the filth of his savage friends and their lodges. The following passage, which we almost scruple to quote, makes one shudder. "Every article within the lodge, including my own skins, jacket, and shirt, was covered with vermin. These insects are, as is well known, of two species; the one frequenting the hair, the other the body. The former of these are considered by the Pawnee naturalists '*Pediculus esculentus*'; for whenever the squaws are unemployed in severe labour, they enjoy feast of this kind, gathered either from the hair of their children or of each other. For many successive weeks I have observed them pass from half an hour to an hour of every day in this manner, and they really seem to eat this filthy vermin with no small satisfaction; but I have been told by traders that they will not eat them from the heads of the whites!"

So much for the personal habits and real condition of those beings who are called in novels "Starlight Fawns" and "Sunny Eyes," and who there shine before us in all the simplicity of beads, feathers, and wampum-belts, leaving most Arcadian illusions on our minds. As our chief object at present is to show what a creature man really is,

"When wild in woods the noble savage runs," we shall proceed to make such extracts from Mr Murray as illustrate the character of the Indian men. He soon saw that by staying among them he had taken the only method of discovering their true character, and that, had he judged from what he saw of them at Fort Leavenburg, he would have formed the very same notions about their "high sense of honour," their "hospitality," and other imaginary qualities, as others had done before him. "The Indian (says he) among whites, or at a garrison, trading-post, or town, is as different a man from the same Indian at home as a Turkish 'Mollah' is from a French barber. Among whites, he is all dignity and repose; he is acting a part the whole time, and acts it most admirably. He manifests no surprise at the most wonderful effects of machinery, is not startled if a twenty-four pounder is fired close to him, and does not evince the slightest curiosity regarding the thousand things that are strange and new to him; whereas at home, the same Indian chatters, jokes, and laughs among his companions—freely indulges in the most licentious conversation; and his curiosity is as unbounded and irresistible as that of any man, woman, or monkey, on earth. Truth and honesty (making the usual exceptions to be found in all countries) are unknown or despised by them. A boy is taught and encouraged to steal and lie, and the only blame or disgrace ever incurred thereby is when the offence is accompanied by detection. I never met with liars so determined, universal, or audacious. But from all these charges I most completely exonerate my old chief Sanitskash; nature had made him a gentleman, and he remained so, in spite of the corrupting examples around him." In proof of their curiosity, Mr Murray states that, on sitting down in any of their lodges, they would examine his whole dress and person with their hands, dive into every pocket about him, take out all the contents, and, in short, investigate him from top to toe.

By a little determined resistance he put a stop to such annoyances, and to still greater ones, arising from the cheating propensities of the savages. On the march from the fort, he had made a bargain for the temporary use of a horse belonging to one of the most noted Braves of the tribe. The Brave wished to draw back from his compact, and sent a message to that effect by the interpreter. Finding the Brave deaf to reason, and seemingly about to use force, our traveller took a determined course, and said to the interpreter, "You know, and he knows, that he is in the wrong. I shall now go and bride that horse; if he chooses to come and try to take him from me, let him do so at his own risk." The Brave made no such attempt, and evidently respected the white man much more ever afterwards. On another occasion, Mr Murray showed similar determination, and in a case of far greater peril. When desirous to get travelling horses, at the close of his stay with the tribe, he gave to the Grand Chief of the Pawnees a pocket telescope, for which a goodly steed was to be supplied. No steed came, and the traveller went to the chief's lodge, and asked for the horse. "He gave me no answer. I then proceeded to say that 'he was a great chief, and had a single tongue, and that I knew he would not lie to his white brother.' Still the same sulky look, and no answer: in the mean time, I cast my eyes carefully round the interior of his lodge, and at length espied

* Travels in North America during the years 1834, 1835, and 1836, &c. By the Honourable Charles Augustus Murray. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley.

my telescope hanging at the back of it, near his medicine-bag, &c. Having ascertained its locality, I said I wished to return to the white man's fort, and asked him distinctly, whether he would give me the horse or not? This time he answered briefly and distinctly enough, *ká-kí, 'no.'* I then rose, and, going straight to my telescope, took it quietly down, and hanging it round my own neck, told him it was all right, or very good, and walked deliberately away." This was a most daring act, considering that, at a motion of his finger, the chief could have brought on the unfortunate whites thousand armed men; but no evil consequences ensued. Mr Murray does not argue from these circumstances that the Indians are deficient in courage, although they never fight fairly, or hand to hand, if they can avoid it. Much even of that passive courage or fortitude under pain for which they have been so much praised, disappears from their character under ordinary circumstances; for I have "seen (says the author of the present work) a full-grown strong-looking Indian moan and whine under the toothache or colic in a manner that, among us, would shame 'a sick child!'"

The following amusing description of a young warrior's toilet will show whether or not coxcombry is an Indian attribute. "He began his toilet about eight in the morning, by greasing and smoothing his whole person with fat, which he rubbed afterwards perfectly dry, only leaving the skin sleek and glossy; he then painted his face vermilion, with a stripe of red also along the centre of the crown of the head; he then proceeded to his 'coiffure,' which received great attention, although the quantum of hair demanding such care was limited, inasmuch as his head was shaved close, except one tuft at the top, from which hung two plaited 'tresses.' (Why must I call them 'pigtales'?) He then filled his ears, which were bored in two or three places, with rings and wampum, and hung several strings of beads round his neck; then, sometimes painting stripes of vermilion and yellow upon his breast and shoulders, and placing armlets above his elbows and rings upon his fingers, he proceeded to adorn the nether man with a pair of moccassins, some scarlet cloth leggins fastened to his waist-belt, and bound round below the knee with garters of beads four inches broad. Being so far prepared, he drew out his mirror, fitted into a small wooden frame (which he always, whether hunting or at home, carried about his person), and commenced a course of self-examination, such as the severest disciple of Watts, Mason, or any other religious moralists, never equalled. I have repeatedly seen him sit, for above an hour at a time, examining his face in every possible position and expression; now frowning like Homer's Jove before a thunder-storm, now like the same god, described by Milton, 'smiling with superior love'; now slightly varying the streaks of paint upon his cheeks and forehead, and then pushing or pulling 'each particular hair' of his eyebrows into its most becoming place!"

Sanitsáriah repeatedly warned the whites never to stray from the encampment after dusk. On one occasion only, Mr Murray and Mr V.—neglected the caution of the good old chief, and took a rambling walk, which was suddenly interrupted by the accidental sight of an Indian following and watching them, with his bow in his hand, and his quiver full of arrows. The travellers had no arms but knives, and the manner of the savage alarmed them, especially when they remembered the words of Sanitsáriah. They took the immediate resolution of facing the man, and of keeping close by him, to prevent the use of his arrows, which, from a Pawnee's hand, sometimes go through the body of a buffalo, and stick in the ground beyond. The plan was put in execution, and the Indian was evidently taken by surprise. Under pretence of friendliness, Mr Murray locked his arm in that of the reluctant savage, and led him towards the camp; but not a word would he utter. His eye was troubled, and his whole look villainous. Just when they came within a safe distance of the camp, the Indian broke from them, and they saw him join two or three others couching behind a hillock, from which the whole soon sank away. The travellers had no doubt of the man's having been sent after them as a scout, and that robbery, and murder to accomplish it, was their scheme. Various other occurrences showed that the same unscrupulousness was perfectly common among these "hospitable" Pawnees.

We really find that we have occupied nearly the whole of our available space, without giving even a tithe of the interesting matters connected with this romantic expedition, which ended in the return of the party to Fort Leavenworth, amid circumstances of suffering and peril under which most men would have sunk. Their guides deserted them, and Mr Murray had to take that office upon himself. Even when with the Indians, great hardships were endured, food becoming very scarce when buffalo herds were not to be seen, which was often the case. These hardships will be appreciated when we state that the author of this work, a young gentleman trained to the fare of courts,* gives the following account of a meal made by him. When alone, he shot a young bull, and immediately began to cut the strong hide with his knife. "After

an hour's unremitting work, I succeeded, and then went on to open the body. Without much difficulty I got at the liver, and began to eat, certainly more like a wolf, or Indian, than a Christian man. After devouring several large morsels, I saw a hunter coming towards me at full speed. He had been unsuccessful, and was hungry. I was nearly choked with thirst; and, as soon as he arrived, made him signs that if he would fetch me water, I would give him as much to eat as he chose. He nodded assent. We then took out the bladder of the buffalo; I told him to wash it well, and bring it back full of clear water. He went off at a gallop, and, in about a quarter of an hour, came back, having executed his commission. I cannot say that the water was quite crystal, but I never enjoyed a more delicious meal than this raw liver, and the water, such as it was. The Indian, also, showed me two or three other morsels, which I found excellent; and I strongly recommend to any gentleman who may ever find himself similarly situated, to break a bone, and suck the marrow." He had not tasted food, it ought to be mentioned, for forty-eight hours. This was not his only meal of the kind.

Altogether, the descriptions of Mr Murray show that the savage life is one full of suffering and discomfort to the body; while, to the mind also, it is a state in which few of the better sentiments and nobler faculties can possibly find room for development. The case of the American Indians being almost the only one where it has been doubted that ignorance is but a synonyme for vice and degradation, these volumes, as has been already remarked, tell a beneficial truth to the world. Not having been able to notice any of his observations upon the United States and other places visited by him, we propose to return in an early number to this lively and entertaining work, which is sure to attain an extended and merited popularity.

THE LIFE AND POETRY OF DARWIN.

ERASMS DARWIN was a native of the village of Elston, near Newark, in the county of Nottingham. He was born in 1731, and, on reaching a suitable age, was sent to the free-school of Chesterfield. His family circumstances were such as to permit him subsequently to enter St John's College, Cambridge, where, having chosen the profession of a physician, he remained long enough to take out a medical degree. He afterwards visited both London and Edinburgh, with the view of completing his studies at the schools of medicine in those cities.

A satisfactory amount of scientific knowledge having been at length acquired, Dr Darwin endeavoured to establish himself as a physician in Nottingham, but, finding his prospects unfavourable, he removed speedily to Litchfield. His settlement in this city took place in the autumn of 1756, when he had just attained the age of twenty-five. Although Darwin, during his academic career, had displayed a strong bent towards literary, and in particular poetical pursuits, he had the prudence and self-command, at the outset of his professional life, to repress such tendencies, or at least to conceal them from the general eye. Devoting himself to his medical duties, his devotion was rewarded by success. A fortunate cure, during his early practice, fixed his reputation in Litchfield; and in 1757, he was united in marriage to a lady, whose extensive connections in the place tended greatly to advance and strengthen his interests. For twenty-three years after his settlement in Litchfield, Dr Darwin (to use the words of Miss Seward, his biographer) kept "himself bound, with the wisdom of Ulysses, to the medical mast, that he might not follow those delusive syrens, the muses, or be considered as their avowed votary." At the same time, neither his poetical talents nor his philosophical acquirements were any secret to the circle of intimate friends whom he loved to assemble at his hospitable board, and with whom he was wont to speculate on the wonders of nature, in the walks and bowers of a little suburban retreat, which he occupied with his family, and which he had adorned with a botanic garden, and other pleasing tokens of his prevailing tastes. Some of Darwin's intimates were men distinguished for ability; and, indeed, Litchfield could boast of a perfect constellation of noted names about this period, though some were but occasional residents. Messrs Bolton and Watt, men linked together in business and in fame, Mr Kier, Dr Small of Birmingham, Mr Edgeworth, father of Maria Edgeworth, Mr Day, author of "Sandford and Merton," and the Seward, father and daughter, may be mentioned as the principal ornaments of what the lady just alluded to styles "the Darwinian sphere." Mechanical philosophy, as is well known, was the favourite study of almost all these individuals, and the subject of our memoir was endowed with congenial propensities. He was perpetually inventing ingenious but whimsical machines, one of which, a carriage, seems to have been faulty at least in its

practical operation, since the inventor was tossed out of it on one occasion, and had his knee-pan broken.

In 1770, Dr Darwin was deprived of his wife, who left him three sons. Some years afterwards, he formed a romantic attachment to a lady whom he had attended in a professional capacity. There is something a little ludicrous in the details of this passion, which Miss Seward calls "Petrarchan," thereby hinting gently at the fact, that the object of the Doctor's flame, like the famous Laura, was originally the wedded wife of another. When it is taken into consideration that Darwin had arrived at the cool period of middle age, and that he was in person and features exceedingly clumsy, coarse, and uncouth, the Platonic agonies which he gave vent to in verse, and poured into the ears of such sympathising friends as Anna Seward, assume, certainly, a character somewhat comic. To do both the lady and her enamoured swain justice, it ought to be mentioned that neither was encouragement given to this passion on the one side, nor was it sought on the other, until the fair object became a widow, by the decease of her husband, Colonel Pole of Radburne Hall, near Derby. Then did the Doctor use all means and appliances, poetical and prosaic, to win the lady's favour. It appears to have been at this stage of the affair that he composed a little poetical epistle, directing his friend Mr Bolton to make a tea-vase for him, as a present for Mrs Pole. The following lines form a portion of it:—

"Friend Bolton, take these ingots fine,
From rich Potosi's sparkling mine;
With nicest art a tea-vase mould,
And where proud Radburne's turrets rise,
To fair Eliza send the prize."

The poet then proceeds to describe the ornamental figures which he desired to have carved on it. Among other objects, he says,

"Let leaves of myrtle round the rim
And rose-buds, twining, shade the brim.
Perch'd on the rising lid above,
Oh! place a love-lorn turtle dove,
With hanging wing, and ruffled plume,
And gasping beak, and eye of gloom."

The tender lover had ultimately no cause to call himself love-lorn. To state the matter seriously, Mrs Pole, though young and wealthy, had the good sense to choose Darwin for his mind and talents, overlooking his years and personal disadvantages. In consequence of this second marriage, which took place in 1780, he removed in the following year from Litchfield to Derby, and from this time forward became the central figure in a larger group of literary and philosophical persons.

Hitherto he had not given the world at large any written evidence of the genius which private friends knew him to possess. But before he left Litchfield, Miss Seward, as we are informed by herself, wrote a complimentary poem of some fifty lines to the Doctor, being moved thereto on beholding for the first time the beauty of his suburban retreat. According to the lady's account, it was this little piece which suggested to Darwin the idea of his poem called the "Botanic Garden," and a strong proof of the correctness of the statement is derived from the strange fact, that the Doctor adopted these very lines, without acknowledgment, as the basis of the introduction to the first canto of his poem. He perhaps thought that his alterations were sufficient to make the verses his own, but the retention of even one line (and many were retained) ought to have been acknowledged. Passing over this circumstance as the only serious charge of the kind ever brought against Darwin, we find him busily employed at Derby in prosecuting the composition of his poem, and the fruits of his labour were given to the public in 1789. A portion of his "Botanic Garden" was then published, and this portion, rather oddly, was "Part II.," entitled the "Loves of the Plants." Miss Seward supposes this inversion of the common rule to have been caused by the author's persuasion, that the "Loves of the Plants" were better fitted to attain immediate popularity than "Part I.," which appeared two years afterwards, under the title of the "Economy of Vegetation." Each of these sections of the "Botanic Garden" contained four cantos of considerable length, with numerous and bulky notes.

The general design of the "Botanic Garden," in the author's own words, "was to enlist Imagination under the banner of Science, and to lead her votaries from the looser analogies which dress out the imagery of poetry, to the stricter ones which form the ratiocination of philosophy." The general name of the poem, as well as of its individual parts, by no means indicates the full extent of the subjects comprised in it. Geology, chemistry, mechanical philosophy, and various other departments of science, are treated of at length, under the plea of describing the "operation of all the elements, as far as they may be supposed to affect the growth of vegetables." The plan taken by Darwin to cast the charm of poetry over science, was to call in the aid of the Gnomes, Sylphs, and Nymphs of the old Rosicrucian doctrines, and to paint them as setting at work all the energies of nature, and effecting the changes that take place in the physical world. To a certain extent, at least, this is the plan of the "Botanic Garden"; but the poet also makes use of yet bolder machinery, and gives a *personified* form to plants, and even to the organs of plants—nay, to inert material bodies also, gaseous, liquid, and solid. By these means he endeavours to throw the charm, resulting from a *sense of life and active agency*, over scientific operations that would otherwise appear prosaic and dull in description. Such seems to have been the rationale of the poet's scheme. In the execution of it, he displayed genius of no common

* Mr Murray is son to the late Earl of Dunmore, and nephew to the present Duke of Hamilton. If we are not mistaken, he has stood on more than one occasion (once since his return from America) for the representation of the county of Lanark. At present, he holds the office of Master in the Queen's Household.

order. We advert not here to the vast amount of scientific and philosophical knowledge which he exhibited, though in this lay much merit, but to the manner in which he combined and moulded his intractable materials into poetry—to his polished and harmonious versification—to his splendid powers of description—and, finally, to his dazzling command of imagery. Glowing and glittering, from beginning to end, with metaphor and allegory, the "Botanic Garden" was at once determined by the public to be the work of a man of high intellectual abilities and attainments.

All these remarks are equally applicable to the "Temple of Nature, or the Origin of Society," Darwin's only subsequent poem of consequence, and which was posthumous publication. It will now be proper to present some specimens of his poetry; and the passage on the union or marriage of Oxygen with Light may be first given, as exemplifying several of his most striking peculiarities.

"*Sylphs!* from each sun-bright leaf, that twinkling shakes
O'er earth's green lap, or shoots amid her lakes,
Your playful hands with simpering lips invite,
And wed the enamoured Oxygen to Light.
Round their white necks, with fingers interwove,
Cling the fond pair with unabating love;
Hand linked in hand on buoyant step they rise,
And sconce and glisten in unclouded skies."

These few lines present a fair example of the bold personification spoken of—here so bold, indeed, that most readers will peruse the lines twice ere they can believe that the phrase "white necks" alludes to the pair of elements—Mr and Mrs Oxygen. This nuptial picture occurs in the "Economy of Vegetation"; but still more daring are the personifications in the "Loves of the Plants," as, for example:

"Night's tress beams on smooth Lochlomond dance;
Impatient Aega views the bright expanse;
In vain her eyes the passing floods explore,
Wave after wave rolls freightless to the shore.
Now dim amid the distant foam she spies
A form, a speck!—'Tis he! 'tis he!' she cries;
As with firm arms he beats the streams aside,
And cleaves with rising chest the tossing tide,
With bended knee she prints the humid sands,
Upturns her glistening eyes, and spreads her hands;
—'Tis he! 'tis he! my lord, my life, my love!
Slumber, ye winds; ye billows, cease to move!
Beneath his arms your buoyant' plumage spread,
Ye swans! ye halcyons, hover round his head!
With eager step the boiling surf she braves,
And meets her refluent lover in the waves;
Loose o'er the flood her azure mantle swims,
And the clear stream betrays her snowy limbs.
So on her sea-girt tower fair Hero," &c. &c.

Those who are unacquainted with the writings of Darwin will find some difficulty in guessing to what these fine, smooth-flowing, and rather affecting lines refer. Why, the tender Aega is neither more nor less than an insignificant sort of aquatic fungus, which floats hither and thither on the waters; and the tender lover is but the fecundating portion of the same vegetable, which is also wafted from one place to another by the winds and waves. This fact being known, all sense of the beauty of the description is almost lost in the smile which the forced and violent nature of the personification can scarcely fail to excite. The manner in which the poet indicates the proportionate number of the organs in various plants, is often most ingenious. For example:

"Sweet blooms Genista in the myrtle shade,
And ten fond brothers woo the haughty maid.
Meadia's soft chains fee suppliant beaux confess,
And hand in hand the laughing belle address."

This simply denotes, that in the *broom* and *cowslip* (American), there are, respectively, ten and five stamens.

"Two knights before thy fragrant altar bend,
Adored Melissa, and two squires attend."

Here it is announced, by the device of introducing the two grades of chivalry, that in the *balm flower*, two of its four stamens stand higher than the other two.

"Cypress dark disdains his dusky bride,
One dome contains them, but two beds divide.
The proud Ossiris flies his angry fair;
Two houses hold the fashional pair."

The first two lines of this quatrain indicate, that, in the case of the cypress, the stamens and pistils are placed on the same plant, but on different flowers; and that, in the instance of the osiris, these organs are on different plants altogether. Such is the mode in which the science of botany is developed in Darwin's "Loves of the Plants." As the quotation respecting the Aega will partly show, there is much beauty of description interspersed through the whole poem, although a sense of the unnatural, and a feeling of the ludicrous, are too apt to accompany the perusal, from causes already pointed out.

In the first section of the Botanic Garden, termed the "Economy of Vegetation," Darwin had the more difficult task of throwing into verse the arcana of chemistry, and other sciences loaded with technicalities; yet he got over this obstacle admirably, both as regarded the perfect expression of the sense, and the preservation of ease and harmony of versification. The fact that metallic veins are for the most part found in cracks of the primary rocks, is told in these lines:—

"Gnomes! you then taught volcanic airs to force
Through bubbling lavas their resistless course,
O'er the broad walls of rifted granite climb,
And pierce the rent roof of incubent lime,
Round sparry caves metallic lustres fling,
And bear phlogiston on their tepid wing.

Hence glow, resplendent tin, thy crystal grains,
And tawny copper shoots her azure veins;
Zinc lines his fretted vault with sable ore,
And dull galena tempests the floor;
On vermilion beds in Iridia's mighty caves,
The living silver rolls its ponderous waves;
With gay refractions bright platinus shines,
And studs with squander'd stars his dusky mines;
Long threads of netted gold, and silvery darts,
Inlay the liazul, and pierce the quartz—
Whence, roof with silver, beam'd Peru of old,
And hapless Mexico was paved with gold."

The same polish and glitter pervade the whole poem, and, through this cause, the reader is soon conscious of a wearisome sameness. The structure of the lines, also, is deficient in variety. The subjoined instances, taken from the single page now open before us, exemplify Darwin's favourite form of line.

"Cleaves the dark air, and asks no star but thee."
"Strain their blue eyes, and shriek along the shore."
"Sound their loud conch, and smooth the circling waves."
This double use of the verb in one line is not more common with the poet, than the custom of making the verb precede its noun. In the four lines that follow, there are two instances of this peculiarity.

"Quick whirls the wheel, the ponderous hammer falls,
Loud anvils ring amid the trembling walls,
Strokes follow strokes, the sparkling ingot shines,
Flows the red slag, the lengthening bar refines."

The ear longs in vain for some variety in the pauses. In the whole of Darwin's poetry, we have not been able to notice one single period, or even a semicolon, occurring in the course of a line. This is the more remarkable, as his predecessors, Milton and Dryden, had so finely displayed the beauty and force of such occasional stops or rests. But of all the peculiarities of Darwin's poetry, the most tiresome is the unvarying form in which the illustrations are introduced. The statement of every natural truth is followed by an illustrative similitude, beginning uniformly and unchangeably, with "So the," &c., or "Thus the," &c. Yet these passages are the finest in his poems. We may aptly conclude our quotations with one episode in honour of Brindley, the canal constructor, a man of great skill in his profession, and so enthusiastically fond of it, that on being asked by a parliamentary committee what he conceived to be the use and design of rivers, he replied, "to feed navigable canals." Addressing his fanciful nymphs, the poet says,

"Your virgin trains on Brindley's cradle smiled,
And nursed with fairy-love the unlettered child,
Spread round his pillow all your sacred spills,
Pierced all your springs, and opened all your wells.
As now on grass, with glossy folds revealed,
Glides the bright serpent, now in flowers concealed;
Far shine the scales that gild his sinuous back,
And lucid undulations mark his track;
So with strong arm immortal Brindley leads
His long canals, and parts the velvet meads;
Winding in lucid lines, the watery mass
Minces the firm rock, or loads the deep morass,
With rising locks a thousand hills alarms,
Flings o'er a thousand streams its silver arms,
Feeds the long vale, the nodding woodland lawns,
And plenty, arts, and commerce, freight the waves."

A prose work from the pen of Dr Darwin appeared in two separate parts, in the years 1794 and 1799. This was his "Zoönoma," a treatise which had for its object "to reduce the facts relating to animal life into classes, orders, genera, and species, and by comparing them with each other, to unravel the theory of diseases." On this production the labour of twenty years had been expended, and it exhibited great ingenuity, learning, and research; but the principles developed in it were too hypothetical, and even fantastical, to stand the test of sober and close examination. Another prose work, styled "Phytologia, or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening," possesses similar merits, and is liable to the like objections. A short "Treatise on Female Education" was the only other prose composition of any note which Darwin produced.

The subject of this memoir remained at Derby for the remainder of his life. He died there in April 1802, when he had attained the age of 71. Six children were the issue of his second marriage. It was in the course of the year following his death that the "Temple of Nature" was published. The world did not receive it with the same applause as had been bestowed on the "Botanic Garden," and, indeed, the author himself had lived to witness a considerable decline in the popularity of even the latter and greater poem. Its tinsel and ornament, though captivating at first, did not stand the ordeal of reflection and re-examination. Perhaps the numerous parodies which the strongly marked peculiarities of Darwin's style called forth from "wicked wits," had some share in changing the public taste. His personifications, and his trick of giving precedence to the verb, are well hit off in the following lines, descriptive of a boat passing, or, in waterman's phrase, shooting, London Bridge:—

"So thy dark arches, London Bridge, bestride
Indignant Thames, and part his angry tide;
There oft returning from those green retreats,
Where fair Vauxhallia decks her sylvan seats,
Where each sprightly nymph, from city counters free,
Sips the frothy syllabus or fragrant tea,
While, with sliced ham, scraped beef, and burst champagne,
Her 'prentice lover soothes his amorous pain;
There oft, in well-trimmed' galleys, glide along,
Smart beaux and giggling belles, a glittering throng;
Smells the tarred rope—with undulation fine,
Flaps the loose sail—the silken awnings shine;
'Shoot we the bridge!' the venturesome boatmen cry,
'Shoot we the bridge!' the exulting fare reply."

But the pitiless parodist makes the boat *strike* the bridge, and then

"Laughs the glad Thames, and clasps each fair one's charms,
That streams and struggles in his cosy arms."

It has been often said that the highest order of poetry is most capable of successful parody. The rule, it is to be feared, is not perfectly applicable in this instance, but Dr Darwin's admirers are welcome to give him the benefit of it.

STORY OF SIR ROBERT INNES.

EARLY in the past century, a young gentleman, Robert Innes, fell heir to the baronetey of Orton, a title of some standing in his name and family. By a concurrence of adverse circumstances, not one rood of land, nor any property whatever, followed the destination of the titular honours. This was particularly hard in his case, as he had received a liberal education, and such a general training, in short, as is usually bestowed on heirs presumptive or apparent to titles that have a substantial amount of acres appended to them. After this statement, it is scarcely necessary to say, that Robert Innes was brought up to no useful art or profession by which a livelihood might be won.

Few situations could be more painful than that in which the young baronet found himself when he acquired the right to place before his name the important monosyllable which entitled him to hold a prominent place in society, while at the same time he was totally devoid of the means of maintaining that place with fitting credit and respectability. It is true that, having enjoyed various opportunities of viewing the ways of high life, he knew very well that many needy fashionables, and even men of title, contrive to pass their lives in apparent ease and splendour, by clinging tenaciously to the skirts of wealthy relatives and friends, or by preying on strangers not sufficiently experienced or sage to be secure against the toils of the high-bred sharper or jockey. Sir Robert Innes knew that men in the like circumstances with himself lived, nay flourished, after this manner and fashion; but he was endowed with a spirit too honourable and manly not to revolt at the thought of eating the bread either of swindling or of servility. He therefore felt his position to be one of extreme difficulty, and was for a time altogether at a loss how to procure his maintenance, in a manner consistent with the preservation, not of his rank and dignity, but simply of honesty and independence of character. It may well be believed that he envied the craftsmanship even of the humblest artisan, who had learned to look to his hands, and his hands alone, for subsistence. But all trades, arts, and professions, seemed in a measure closed against Sir Robert, since he possessed not the necessary means to train himself for any particular employment, even if that could have been effectively done at the comparatively advanced period of life which he had attained. One profession only, if it may be properly so called, remained open to him, namely, the profession of arms, and to this the young baronet naturally turned his attention. Had he besieged the doors of those who had known his family in better days, he might possibly have at once entered the military service in a station corresponding with his social rank; but the risk of encountering scornful refusals, and other such-like fears and feelings, caused the indigent baronet to shrink from becoming a petitioner, desirable as it would have been to attain the object in question. He therefore preserved the independence which he loved, by entering the British army in the capacity of a private soldier. The — dragoons was the body in which he enrolled himself, retaining his own name, but dropping, of course, the title which had descended to him from his ancestors.

In this condition Sir Robert Innes remained for a considerable time, fulfilling regularly and peacefully the duties imposed upon him, and giving no expression to the regrets which could not but occasionally arise in the breast of one moving in a sphere so far below that to which he was suited by birth and education. The monotonous tenor of his life was at length broken in upon in an unexpected and remarkable way. While standing sentry one evening at the quarters of Colonel Winram, the commander of the regiment, he was accosted by a stranger, apparently an officer of another regiment, who inquired if the colonel was at that moment engaged. The sentinel courteously answered that he believed he was, but probably would soon be at leisure, and then recommenced his short peregrinations. The stranger followed, and continued the conversation, in order, ostensibly, to while away

the time, until the colonel should be at liberty to receive him, but in reality to satisfy himself on a point of curiosity which had sprung up in his mind. We shall not say more respecting this conversation, than that it served, by its tenor, as far as correct expression and judicious remark on the part of the young soldier were concerned, to confirm the stranger in the suspicion to which some glimmering recollection of features had given rise. When the gentleman who had been in conference with Colonel Winram was seen to depart, the stranger took leave of the sentinel, and entered the commandant's quarters.

"Colonel," said the officer, after paying his respects on entrance, "you are at present more highly honoured in one point than many crowned heads, though you may not be aware of it." "How may this be, my good friend?" asked the veteran. "In respect of your attendant sentry," said the officer; "few princes can boast of a more honourable guard than the one now pacing backwards and forwards in front of your quarters." The old colonel was surprised at the grave assertion of his visitor. "What mean you?" said he; "you seem serious, and yet there can be nobody now on duty as sentry but one of the common soldiers of the corps, who have all been heretofore over-alarmed." "This may be," returned the visitor; "but I still assure you that you have a rare and remarkable guard of honour at present, in as far as you have a Scottish knight baronet, of old creation, standing sentry at your threshold." "Bless my heart, do you really say so?" exclaimed Colonel Winram, who, though a worthy man and an approved soldier, carried his veneration for titles and family honours somewhat to excess. "A man of title doing duty in the ranks of my corps!" continued the veteran; "how, in the name of wonder, came this about, and how did you discover it?" "I had seen Sir Robert Innes several years ago, before he came to the title, and while its late possessor still retained enough of the family property to keep himself and his heir in tolerable condition as far as appearances went. When it was discovered, on the accession of this young gentleman, that his ancestral possessions had long been in the deceptive condition of a husk with the kernel gone, many individuals who had known Robert Innes, and had admired his manly and virtuous character, were anxious to aid and befriend him; but the youth disappeared suddenly from society, and the rumour went that he had entered the army. Having heard of this report, I was much struck to-night by the look and bearing of the sentry whom I saw at your porch, and a closer examination satisfied me that the soldier was indeed no other than Sir Robert Innes of Orton."

"Gracious powers! can this be true?" exclaimed the veteran, and moved hastily to a window from which he could command a view of his titled sentinel. Being over and over again assured by his friend that the young soldier was no other than the person who had been described, he immediately gave orders to have another private brought on duty, and the hero of our tale ushered into his presence. When the young man appeared before his commander, the latter plainly and candidly stated what had been communicated to him, and asked if it was true that he was really addressed Sir Robert Innes. The youth, after colouring a little from surprise, and partly, perhaps, from other feelings, owned that the information given to the colonel was correct, and that he was really Sir Robert Innes. Colonel Winram was silent for a few moments, and then said, "Believe me, young gentleman, when I ask you to inform me personally of the true motives which induce you to enter the ranks, I have a sincere wish to serve you, and am not actuated by mere curiosity." Sir Robert answered his commander by simply stating, that, finding himself possessed of a title without any of the requisite means for supporting it creditably, he had been under the necessity of quitting the society of his equals in station, but superiors in point of fortune. "I chose," said he, "not without a degree of honourable pride, to enter on the humble yet independent condition of a common soldier, rather than make any attempt at gaining a maintenance in my own degree, by drawing on the bounty of others, and eating what must have been, at best, the bread of dependence."

A tear trickled down the brown cheek of the old colonel, as he listened to the explanation. "I admire your candour, sir," said the veteran, "and I honour your sentiments. You must be replaced in your proper station—in that station to which you were born, Sir Robert, and to which you will be a credit and an ornament. Thank heaven, I have interest enough, I think, to procure you a cornetcy; and a cornetcy of British horse is a fitting station for any one—for the first noble in the land." The poor young soldier, in whose fortunes a great change was thus unexpectedly promised, could scarcely find language to thank his warm-hearted benefactor and commander. But the colonel did not give himself time to listen to thanks. "I think I am sure of the cornetcy on application," continued he; "but, at the worst, I can procure your discharge, and do something for you in other ways." Pursuing his kindly intentions farther, the colonel gave our hero a temporary release from regimental duty, and invited him to dinner on the following day, offering him for this purpose the use of a spare suit of plain clothes from his own wardrobe. Sir Robert joyfully accepted the invitation, but de-

clined the use of the colonel's wardrobe, as he had chanced to retain a suit of his own, which was still capable of making a respectable appearance.

The young baronet dined with his commanding officer, not once, but again and again; for the cornetcy of horse was obtained for Sir Robert Innes, and he became daily a greater and greater favourite with Colonel Winram, who found his protégé fulfil all the high promise that had appeared in him at their first interview. Handsome, well bred, and accomplished in all the qualifications of a gentleman, Sir Robert was indeed very generally esteemed by his brother officers and all who met him in society. It was barely possible, however, for any one to view him with the measureless partiality of the old colonel, and of this the following conclusive occurrence will give ample proof. After the new colonel had held his station for some months, the veteran asked his youthful friend to join him in an excursion to the country. The request was of course cheerfully complied with, and the pair set out in the colonel's carriage. After they had gone a considerable way, the colonel told Sir Robert that his daughter and only child was then, for the completion of her education, residing at a neighbouring boarding-school, and that he was going to visit her. The boarding-school was accordingly reached, and Sir Robert in due time had the honour of being introduced to the only child of his benefactor. She was a young lady in the very spring of womanhood, and beautiful in countenance, though the full graces of her person were scarcely yet developed. The Scottish baronet thought to himself that he had scarcely ever seen filial affection under a more captivating aspect than when Miss Winram, unconscious of a stranger's presence, ran into the room to welcome her father, whose carriage she had seen at a little distance. In short, Sir Robert Innes thought the daughter of his old friend the most charming girl he had yet seen, and the impression was not decreased by her modest, yet lively and intelligent conversation. When the visit drew to an end, he was even a little discomposed, while the veteran exhibited a more open degree of parting sadness. The young lady also looked regretful, but that of course was accounted for as relating to the departure of her father.

The colonel and his young friend were not very communicative for some space. At length the colonel half unconsciously exclaimed, "She is much improved," to which the other, with equal absence of mind, replied, "She is quite lovely." The easy manner in which the stream of talk from the lips of each, thus set in motion, ran into one channel, showed on what subject their thoughts had been bent. "Do you really like her?" said the colonel abruptly, turning to his companion. Sir Robert blushed, and stammered a little as he replied, "I—I admire her much—it is impossible for any one not to do so, even on seeing Miss Winram for so short a time as I did." The colonel no doubt heard this answer, but he pursued his own train of thought and reasoning. "Because," said he, "if you do like her, I think she might do worse than take you for a husband." The young man was completely stunned for the moment by this most unlooked-for overtur. He could not believe that the veteran meant to sport with his feelings, yet some such notion suggested in part the answer which he gave to the colonel, after a pretty lengthened pause. "Colonel Winram," said he, "I am poor—penniless, and you are wealthy. All I have I owe to you, but—" The veteran somewhat impatiently interrupted the baronet. "Well, well, that is exactly what I am thinking of. Margery happens to have a neat enough little fortune of her own, the bequest of a deceased aunt, and you have a title; a fair equivalent. I have always honoured ancestral dignities, at least when borne by such as yourself, whom I already love as a son. My girl has been a good—a very good daughter, and will be a good wife. So again I say, if you like her—?" While the words were yet on his lips, fortune, or chance, or farmer Thorpe of the Grange's boy Giles, suddenly gave an unexpected turn to affairs, by sending a troop of yearling cattle scampering into the highway, from the open gate of a park. The horses of the colonel's carriage were startled, and by their sudden bound aside, the reins were twitched from the coachman's hands. Feeling no control, the alarmed horses sprang forward at full speed, but they went no great way, ere their divergence from the mid line caused a violent overturn of the vehicle into a shallow side-ditch. The inmates, who had travelled in barouche fashion, were thrown clear out upon one side of the road—which, fortunately, was a grass common. The coachman and Sir Robert Innes, being both of light frames, were very little injured, but the poor veteran's fall was a heavy and severe one. He lay at first perfectly insensible, with his usually ruddy complexion changed to an ashy whiteness. In a few minutes, however, he regained his consciousness, and in some degree his bodily strength, but complained much of pain in his chest and shoulder. Sir Robert, as may be supposed, was greatly agitated, and at a loss how to get his kind friend within reach of immediate advice and assistance. But the coachman was able, happily, to get the horses quieted and the coach raised with the baronet's assistance, and it was resolved to move slowly backward to the boarding-school, from which they were only a mile and a half distant.

The distress of Miss Winram, on seeing her kind-hearted father return so unexpectedly and in such a condition, was extreme, and her solicitude was fully

participated by her instructress, Mrs Batty, who instantly dispatched a messenger for the surgeon of the district. This functionary soon arrived, and relieved a material portion of the pain suffered by the veteran, who, however, continued to be very feeble, and was besides discovered to have fractured one of his ribs. He occupied a sickbed for several weeks. In that time, he had such a nurse in his daughter, as often made him weep tears of gratitude to heaven for its kindness in giving her to him. Our readers may well imagine that such a spectacle as this was a dangerous one for our Scottish knight, who had also continued in attendance. In truth, this young gentleman surrendered his whole heart to the veteran's daughter, and did it willingly and consciously, having no alloy in his hopes for the future, excepting in as far as the state of the young lady's affections was unknown to him. But in his capacity of occasional attendant on the veteran, the young baronet appeared in almost as favourable a light to Miss Winram, as she did to him, and this was soon brought to decisive proof. One day, when the old gentleman was clearly and rapidly in a way of recovery, he insisted upon the two young people taking the recreation of a walk, of which, he said, he was sure that Margery at least was greatly in need, after so much confinement. The young lady would have hesitated, but was overpowered by her father, who, while she was putting on her bonnet in her own room, hastily said to his young favourite, "She loves you, my dear boy; I have noticed her feelings and her looks at your goings and comings. She loves you, and you say you now adore her—is that the word? Ask her at once to marry you, then; and, what is more, persuade her to be the breaker of the matter to me. Gratify me in this, my dear fellow, though it is only a sort of whim that has come into my head."

Sir Robert Innes found that the little heathen gentleman with the wings—whose name has been so long hackneyed and profaned in our literature, that the very mention of it now, in prose or verse, is almost to ensure certain ridicule and condemnation, and whom, therefore, we shall leave our readers to name for themselves—had made such conclusive preparatory way in his favour, that he had no difficulty in winning from Margery Winram an acknowledgment of reciprocal regard and affection. It was rather more difficult to make her the bearer of the news to her father. "My dear Miss Winram," said the young baronet, "I am poor—indeed, utterly penniless. I owe to your noble-hearted father my recovered station, and all that is now prized by me. The thought that he should regard me—his dependent almost—as having insidiously stolen the affections of his daughter—?" "Have you not?" interrupted Miss Winram, archly but blushing. "Dearest Margery," replied Sir Robert, ardently, "this indirect confession is more delightful than the other! But, listen to me. You know what feelings I would express, and what are the motives that lead me most earnestly to wish you should appear, as far as possible, to be acting from your own unbiased will and choice. Grant me, dear Miss Winram, this one request." The lover prevailed, and the lady took upon her the task of hinting, at least, the state of their mutual affections to her invalid parent.

It was after anxiously arranging his pillow, and taking her own seat a little behind the curtain of his couch, that Miss Winram began to her promised disclosure. Her air and looks announced perfectly to the gratified veteran that the time was come. He resolved to help her a little. "You are now getting quite a great girl—I beg pardon, I should have said quite a grown-up young lady, Margery." "Yes, papa," said the daughter eagerly, falling at once into the toils; "I am now within two months and four days of eighteen, and at that age—nay, seven days less—Miss Tipper was married out of this very house." "And has she been happy?" "Oh yes," replied Miss Winram, "very, very happy." "But you, you giddy little thing, have never been so long serious at any time as to think of marriage, I suppose," was the veteran's leading rejoinder. "Oh yes, papa," replied the daughter, "I have thought of it a little." "Then tell me, to amuse me, what kind of husband you would prefer; I mean, as to his looks and his character, and such points. Tell me your ideas, Margery, about these particulars," said the veteran. The daughter paused a moment ere she began. "I should wish him, first of all, to be a person liked by you, papa. (Well hit, thought the old colonel.) I should wish him to be fair in complexion, with blue eyes and brown hair; and to be handsome, good-natured, intelligent, and a soldier, like my dear papa." "Why, girl, you are describing Robert Innes." The young lady rose, and stooped till her face was near the veteran's shoulder. "Yes, dear father, it is Sir Robert Innes who was in my mind," said she. "We love one another. Will you break your poor Margery's heart or not, papa?" "No, God bless thee, my sweet and innocent one, I will not," exclaimed the veteran, moved to tears.

Our story now draws to a close. The marriage took place as soon as the veteran could leave his couch, and the career of the young Scottish knight, whom our narrative took up in so unpromising a condition, was, by the remarkable incidents detailed, rendered one of much happiness throughout the whole of its duration. His beautiful lady brought him one sole child and daughter, whose personal charms in time attracted the admiration of the noblest in the land. One suitor for her hand was a gentleman who after

wards acceded to the title of Duke of Roxburgh; but, eventually, Miss Innes of Orton became the wife of the sixteenth Lord Forbes. Her son is the present possessor of that ancient title, and of her daughters one became Duchess of Athol, and another the wife of Sir John Hay of Hayston.

This history would be thought one of Fiction's pleasant improbabilities, if told in the pages of a novel. We assure our readers, however, that the main incidents in the narrative have been described to us, upon good authority, as being perfectly true.

THE KENT DISTURBANCES.

FIRST ARTICLE.

The extraordinary transactions in Kent in May 1838 broke upon the public ear with a startling novelty, and for a time excited much attention. But the discussions to which these transactions led were in general directed to points of minor consequence: in the House of Commons, for instance, the only thing apparently considered of any importance was the question—who had the blame of letting the leader out of his cell in the lunatic asylum! Since then the matter has been taken up in its true light, as an astounding revelation of the intellectual and moral condition of the humbler classes of English rural society. At the request of the Central Society of Education, Mr F. Liardet visited the district where the events took place, for the purpose of ascertaining, as far as possible, what was that condition; and the result of his inquiries has just been given to the world in an elaborate paper in the third volume of the publication issued by the society. We propose here to give two papers on the subject—the first a detail of the transactions, compiled with care from the best accounts published in the contemporary journals, and the second an abridgement of Mr Liardet's report. The first is probably necessary in a great measure to a thorough understanding of the second, and perhaps it may also have some utility as a permanently accessible record of what we cannot but consider as one of the most remarkable domestic events of modern times.

The hero of the Kent disturbances was John Nicolls Thoms, the son of a small farmer and maltster at St Columb in Cornwall. He appears to have entered life as cellarman to a wine-merchant in Truro. Succeeding to his master's business, he conducted it for three or four years, when his warehouse was destroyed by fire, and he received £3000 in compensation from an insurance company. Since then, during more than ten years, he had been in no settled occupation. In the year 1833, he appeared as a candidate, successively for the representation of Canterbury and East Kent, taking the title of Sir William Percy Honeywood Courtenay, Knight of Malta and King of Jerusalem, and further representing himself as the owner by birth-right of several estates in Kent. His fine person and manners, and the eloquent appeals he made to popular feeling, secured him a certain degree of favour, but were not sufficient to gain for an obscure adventurer a preferment usually reserved for persons possessing local importance and undoubted fortune. Though baffled in this object, he continued to address the populace as their peculiar friend, and kept up a certain degree of influence amongst them. He is supposed to have connected himself also with a number of persons engaged in the contraband trade, as, in July 1833, he made an appearance in a court of law on behalf of the crew of a smuggling vessel, when he conducted himself in such a way as to incur a charge of perjury. He was consequently condemned to transportation for seven years, but, on a showing of his insanity, was committed to permanent confinement in a lunatic asylum, from which he was discharged a few months before his death, on a supposition that he might safely be permitted to mingle once more in society.

Thoms now resumed his intercourse with the populace, whose opinion of him was probably rather elevated than depressed by his having suffered from his friendship for the smugglers. He repeated his old stories of being a man of high birth, and entitled to some of the finest estates in Kent. He sided with them in their dislike of the new regulations for the poor, and led them to expect that whatever he should recover of his birthright, should be as much for their interest as his own. There were two or three persons of substance who were so far deluded by him as to lend him considerable sums of money. Latterly, pretensions of a more mysterious nature mingled in the ravings of this madman; and he induced a general belief amongst the ignorant peasantry around Canterbury, that he was either the Saviour of mankind sent anew upon earth, or a being of the same order, and commissioned for similar purposes. One of his followers, when asked, after his death, by the correspondent of a newspaper, how he could put faith in such a man, answered in language of the following tenor:—“Oh, sir, he could turn any one that once listened to him whatever way he liked, and make them believe what he pleased. He had a tongue which a poor man could not get over, and a learned man could not gainsay, although standing before him. He puzzled all the lawyers in Canterbury, and they confessed that he knew more of

law than all put together. You could not always understand what he said, but when you did, it was beautiful, and wonderful, and powerful, just like his eyes; and then his voice was so sweet! And he was such a grand gentleman, and sometimes latterly such an awful man, and looked so terrible if any one ventured to oppose him, that he carried all before him. Then again he was so charitable! While he had a shilling in his pocket, a poor man never should want. And then such expectations as he had, and which nobody could deny! He had papers to prove himself to be either the heir or right possessor of Powderham Castle, and Evington, and Nash Court, and Chilham Castle, and all the estates of the families of the Courtenays, the Percies, and Honeywoods, and of Sir Edward Hales, and Sir Thomas Hindlay, more than I can tell you of. And there was Mr —— of Boughton, who lent him £200 on his title-deeds, and the waiter of the —— Hotel in Canterbury, who lent him £73, besides other respectable people throughout the county, who let him have as much money on his estates as he pleased, and have kept up a subscription for him ever since he was sent back to jail in 1833, about the smugglers he befriended. And at that same time it was well known that he need not have gone to prison unless he liked, for the very ladies of Canterbury would have rescued him, only he forbade them, and said the law should be fulfilled. I myself saw them kissing his hand and his clothes in hundreds that day, and there was one woman that could not reach him with a glass of cordial gin; she threw it into his mouth, and blessed him, and bade him keep a bold heart, and he should yet be free, and King of Canterbury!”

It is further to be observed that the aspect of the man was imposing. His height approached six feet. His features were regular and beautiful, a broad fair forehead, aquiline nose, small well-cut mouth, and full rounded chin. The only defect of his person was a somewhat short neck; but his shoulders were broad, and he possessed uncommon personal strength. Some curious significations of the enthusiasm he had excited were afterwards observed in the shape of scribblings on the walls of a barn. On the left side of the door were the following sentences:—“If you new he was on earth, your harts Wod turn;” “But dont Wate to late;” “They how R.” On the right side were the following:—“O that great day of judgement is close at hand;” “It now pops in the dor every man according to his works;” “Our rites and liberties We Will have.”

On Monday, the 28th of May, the phrensy of Thoms and his followers seems to have reached its height. With twenty or thirty persons, in a kind of military order, he went about for three days amongst the farm-houses in Boughton, Sittingbourne, Boulton, and other villages in the vicinity of Canterbury, receiving and paying for refreshment. One woman sent her son to him, with a “mother's blessing,” as to join in some great and laudable work. He proclaimed a great meeting for the ensuing Sunday, which he said was to be “a glorious but bloody day.” At one of the places where he ordered provisions for his followers, it was in these words, “Feed my sheep.” To convince his disciples of his divine commission, he is said to have pointed his pistol at the stars, and told them that he would make them fall from their spheres. He then fired at some star, and his pistol having been rammed down with tow steeped in oil, and sprinkled over with steel filings, produced, on being fired, certain bright sparkles of light, which he immediately said were falling stars. On another occasion he went away from his followers with a man of the name of Wills, and two others of the rioters, saying to them, “Do you stay here, whilst I go yonder,” pointing to a bean-stack, “and strike the bloody blow.” When they arrived at the stack, to which they marched with a flag, the flag-bearer laid his flag on the ground, and knelt down to pray. The other then put in, it is said, a lighted match; but Thoms seized it, and forbade it to burn, and the fire was not kindled. This, on their return to the company, was announced as a miracle.

On Wednesday evening he stopped at the farmhouse of Bossenden, where the farmer Culver, finding that his men were seduced by the impostor from their duty, sent for constables to have them apprehended. Two brothers, named Mears, and another man, accordingly, went next morning, but on their approach Thoms shot Nicolas Mears dead with a pistol, and aimed a blow at his brother with a dagger, whereupon the two survivors instantly fled. At an early hour he was abroad with his followers, to the number of about forty, in Bossenden or Bleanwoods, which were to have been the scene of the great demonstration on Sunday; and a newspaper correspondent reports the following particulars of the appearance and doings of the fanatics at this place, from a woodcutter who was following his business at the spot:—“Thoms undertook to administer the sacrament in bread and water to the deluded men who followed him. He told them on this occasion, as he did on many others, that there was great oppression in the land, and indeed throughout the world; but that if they would follow him, he would lead them on to glory. He depicted the gentry as great oppressors, threatened to deprive them of their estates, and talked of partitioning these into farms of forty or fifty acres among those who followed him. He told them he had come to earth on a cloud, and

that on a cloud he should some day be removed from them; that neither bullets nor weapons could injure him or them, if they had but faith in him as their Saviour; and that if ten thousand soldiers came against them, they would either turn to their side or fall dead at his command. At the end of his harangue, Alexander Foad, whose jaw was afterwards shot off by the military, knelt down at his feet and worshipped him; so did another man of the name of Brankford. Foad then asked Thoms, whether he should follow him in the body, or go home and follow him in heart. To this Thoms replied, ‘Follow me in the body.’ Foad then sprang on his feet in an ecstasy of joy, and with a voice of great exultation exclaimed, ‘Oh, be joyful! Oh, be joyful! The Saviour has accepted me. Go on—go on; till I drop I'll follow thee!’ Brankford also was accepted as a follower, and exhibited the same enthusiastic fervour. At this time his denunciations against those who should desert him were terrific. Fire would come down from heaven and consume them in this world, and in the next eternal damnation was to be their doom. His eye gleamed like a bright coal whilst he was scattering about these awful menaces. The woodcutter was convinced that, at that moment, Thoms would have shot any man dead who had ventured to quit his company. After this mockery of religion was completed, the woodcutter went to Thoms, shook hands with him, and asked him if it was true that he had shot the constable. ‘Yes,’ replied Thoms, coolly, ‘I did shoot the vagabond, and I have eaten a hearty breakfast since. I was only executing upon him the justice of heaven, in virtue of the power which God has given me.’

The two repulsed constables had immediately proceeded to Faversham, for the purpose of procuring fresh warrants and the necessary assistance. A considerable party of magistrates and other individuals now advanced to the scene of the murder, and about mid-day (Thursday, May 31) approached Thoms's party at a place called the Osier-bed, where the Rev. Mr Handley, the clergyman of the parish and a magistrate, used every exertion to induce the deluded men to surrender themselves, but in vain. Thoms defied the assailants, and fired at Mr Handley, who then deemed it necessary to obtain military aid before attempting further proceedings. A detachment of the forty-fifth regiment, consisting of a hundred men, was brought from Canterbury, under the command of Major Armstrong. A young officer, Lieutenant Bennett, who belonged to another regiment, and was at Canterbury on furlough, proposed, under a sense of duty, to accompany the party, on the condition that he should be allowed to return before six o'clock to dine with some friends. At the approach of the military, Thoms and his men took up a position in Bossenden Wood, between two roads. Major Armstrong divided his men into two bodies, of equal numbers, that the wood might be penetrated from both of these roads at once, so as to enclose the rioters: the one party he took command of himself; the other was placed under the charge of Lieutenant Bennett. The magistrates, who accompanied the party, gave orders to the officers to take Courtenay, as Thoms was usually called, dead or alive, and as many of his men as possible. The two parties then advanced into the wood by opposite paths, and soon came within sight of each other, close to the place where the fanatics were posted. A magistrate in Armstrong's party endeavoured to address the rioters, and induce them to surrender; but while he was speaking, the unfortunate Bennett had rushed upon his fate. He had advanced, attended by a single private, probably for the purpose of calling upon the insurgents to submit, when the madman who led them advanced to meet him, and Major Armstrong had just time to exclaim, “Bennett, fall back,” when Thoms fired a pistol at him within a few yards of his body. Bennett had apprehended his danger, and had his sword raised to defend himself from the approaching maniac: a momentary collision did take place between him and his slayer, but the shot had lodged with fatal effect in his side, and he fell from his horse, a dead man. Thoms fought for a few seconds with others of the assailants, but was prostrated by the soldier attending Mr Bennett, who sent a ball through his brain. The military party then poured in a general discharge of fire-arms on the followers of the impostor, of whom nine were killed and others severely wounded, one so fatally as to expire afterwards. A charge was made upon the remainder by the surviving officer, and they were speedily overpowered and taken into custody.

A reporter for the Morning Chronicle, who was immediately after on the spot where this sad tragedy was acted, gave the following striking account of the local feeling on the occasion:—“The excitement which prevails here, in Boulton, the scene of the murder of Lieutenant Bennett, and of the punishment of his assassins, and the wretched peasantry who were deluded and misled by Courtenay, exceeds any thing I ever before witnessed. It was evident upon listening to the observations of the peasantry, especially of the females, that the men who have been shot are regarded by them as martyrs, while their leader was considered and is venerated as a species of divinity. The rumour amongst them is, that ‘he is to rise again on Sunday.’ Incredible as it may appear, I have been assured of this as a positive fact with respect to the utter folly and madness of the lower orders here. A more convincing proof of the fanaticism that prevails cannot

* Apparently, *They who err.*

be afforded, than the fact that a woman [by name Sarah Culver] was apprehended yesterday, who was discovered washing the face of Courtenay, and endeavouring to pour some water between his lips. She, upon being interrogated, declared that she had that day followed him for more than half a mile with a pail of water, and her reason for it was, that he had desired her, if he should happen to be killed, to *put some water between his lips, and he would rise again in a month!* One of the prisoners, Wills, who had received a slight wound from Major Armstrong, the commander of the party, told him that he and the other men who were with Courtenay would have attacked two thousand soldiers, as they were persuaded by Courtenay that they could not be shot, and it was under this impression that they were determined upon fighting."

Another local observer reports:—"Such is the veneration in which numbers here hold Thoms, that various sums of money have been offered to obtain a lock of his hair, and a fragment of the blood-stained shirt in which he died. The women, with whom he was a prodigious favourite, seek these relics with the greatest avidity, and are described as receiving them with the most enthusiastic devotion." We are also told that the clergyman who officiated at his interment deemed it prudent to omit the usual allusions to the resurrection, from a fear of encouraging the delusion in which the populace still remained respecting him.

Two of the rioters were tried at Maidstone, August 9, on the charge of being principals with Thoms in the murder of Nicolas Mears, and found guilty. Eight were tried on the ensuing day, charged with the murder of Lieutenant Bennett; they pleaded guilty, and received the appropriate sentence. It was, however, thought proper that capital punishment should not be inflicted on these men, seeing that they had been acting under infatuation.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM RINKLE.

In the London papers, a few weeks ago, appeared a report respecting an application made by one William Rinkle to a metropolitan magistrate for advice and assistance under very extraordinary circumstances—so extraordinary, that the case appears to merit a more durable chronicling than that of the newspapers:—

Rinkle stated that in the month of March 1832, he sailed from the port of London in a South Sea whaler, belonging to a very respectable firm in Rotherhithe. The ship had been at sea about fourteen months, when the crew were fortunate enough to meet with two whales. After the whales had been killed, all hands were busily employed in securing the blubber, when an accident happened to him of a very serious nature. The spade he was using slipped, and cut one of his feet very severely. One main artery was severed, and he bled so profusely that he was obliged to leave off work. He was conveyed below, and the captain and mate soon afterwards came to him, and accused him of cutting himself to escape his share of the labour. He indignantly repelled the accusation, and displayed his foot, which was in such a state that he could not stand. Some words arose, and the mate gave him a severe blow on the head, which stunned him. On recovering his senses, he was conveyed to the after-hatchway, where he was confined as a close prisoner for two months, and was fed on a scanty allowance of bread and water. During this period he suffered the most dreadful torture from the wound in his foot, owing to improper treatment and neglect. A lock-jaw ensued, and it was necessary to force open his mouth with an iron spoon, to enable him to swallow food sufficient to sustain life; indeed, on one occasion it was requisite to cut the lower lip, to accomplish this object. (The man exhibited his lip, on which a large scar was distinctly visible.) After he had in some degree recovered, the captain directed that he should beg his pardon before all the ship's company. He declined doing so, and the captain immediately gave orders for him to be put on shore on an island near the Japanese dominions, from which they were not far distant. Accordingly, signs were made to the natives, who were watching the vessel from the shore, and a great number of them speedily came alongside in canoes, but they all refused to have anything to do with putting him on shore, and threats and persuasions were alike ineffectual. At length the captain gave directions to the cooper to knock off the iron hoops from some casks, and bribed the natives of the island, called St Andrew's, forming one of a numerous group, to receive him. In addition to the iron, spirits were liberally supplied to the natives, and while they were rolling about in a state of intoxication, the captain contrived to smuggle two of the poor wretches on board the vessel, with whom he sailed. When complainant was put on shore, the natives all surrounded him, and seemed lost in wonder as they examined his dress, and the colour of his skin, as they had never seen a white man on the island before. He was stripped of his clothes, which the natives tore into numberless pieces, and divided amongst themselves, and afterwards exercised their agility by dancing in a very grotesque manner around him. Rinkle remained on this island nine months, and, upon the whole, lived pretty well among the savages. Their principal food was coco-nuts and fish. On two or three occasions the natives suffered much from a scarcity of food. They were not cannibals, but, thinking he might have a taste for human flesh, they once offered him a portion of the bodies of a woman and child who had died suddenly. He refused the proffered food with disgust, and made the natives to understand that white men never ate human flesh. They appeared much surprised at this, and asked why the captain of the big canoe should take away two of their countrymen. He had been on this island about nine months or more, when one day he perceived a ship in the offing, and made signals of distress, which to his great joy were perceived,

and the ship hove to. A boat was sent ashore to receive him, but the savages endeavoured to prevent him leaving the island. He, however, managed to swim to the boat amidst a shower of arrows, and was safely taken up by the crew. The vessel turned out to be the Clementina, a schooner, bound to Batavia. The captain was a Frenchman, but the rest of the crew were Malays. During the voyage the Malay crew murdered the captain and mate, and seemed inclined to murder him, but they changed their minds, and put him ashore on Ascension Island, where he found five Europeans. Shortly afterwards, a launch or boat which had been dropped from an American ship drifted on shore. In this frail bark they went out to sea, and after suffering very great privation, and being buffeted about for four months, they reached the Sandwich Islands. They were taken on board the Mable schooner, and afterwards transferred on board her Majesty's sloop of war Imogene, in which they reached this country. He had been away for seven years, and had endured very great privations and sufferings. His friends had long since thought him dead, and great was their surprise and joy when he presented himself amongst them.

A respectable person gave testimony to the creditworthiness of this strange history, and some steps were ordered by the magistrate to be taken for the redress of the very great hardships suffered by Rinkle.

LAMARTINE'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE,

ON EMBARKING AT MARSEILLES FOR THE HOLY LAND.

[From the new translation of Lamartine's Journey in the Holy Land, published in the series entitled "People's Editions." The translation of the following verses, as of all the other verses in this new edition of Lamartine, was executed by Mr Thomas Silsbee, of Edinburgh.]

If to thy swift bark's canvas I confide
Each blessing Heaven has willed it to impart;
If I commit to ocean's fickle tide
A wife and child, twin portions of my heart;
If I expose to sand-bank, surge, and blast,
Such hopes as these, so many beating breasts,
And with no gage of safety, save a mast
That quivers when the south-wind lists;
Tis not that lust of gold inflames a soul
Which to itself hath nobler treasures made;
Nor that I thirst in glory's flaming scroll
To write my name—if written, soon to fade;
Tis not that like to Dante's is my fate,
The bitter salt of exile doomed to taste;
Nor that inconstant faction's angry hate
Hath laid my parent roof-tree waste.
No, no! I leave upon a valley's side,
And weep to leave, green fields and shade-fruited trees—
A home where sweet remembrances abide,
Which many a kind eye blesses when it sees;
Screen'd by the woods, I have secure retreats,
Where never factions brawls the calm destroy,
Where, 'stead of civil tempests, nothing meets
My ear but thankfulness and joy.

An aged sire, girt by our imaged forms,
Starts if around the walls the winds but sigh,
And daily prays that he rules the storms
May not beyond its strength our canvas try;
Workmen and servants, masterless each one,
Trace on the turf our steps with sad acclaim,
And, harking 'neath my window in the sun,
My dogs whine as they hear my name.

Sister I have, nursed at the same kind breast,
Boughs on the same trunk cradled by the gale;
Friends, too, whose souls my spirit has possessed,
Who read my eye, and can my thoughts unveil;
And hearts unknown are by the muse made mine—
Friends who hold converse with my poesies—
Echoes unseen, who round my path combine
To pour responsive harmonies!

Yet souls have instincts hard to be defined,
Like that which prompts some hardy birds to roam
In quest of nurture of another kind,
And cross at one bold flight the deep sea foam.

What seek they in the regions of the East?
Have they not mossy homes beneath our caves?
And store of food their little ones to feast,
When autumn shakes our sun-tipt sheaves?

I have like them the bread each day requires,
Like them I have the river and the hill;
Most humble is the range of my desires,
Yet I like them am coming, going still!
The East, like them, some power now bids me trace,
For never have I seen or touched the land
Of China, the first dominion of our race,
Where man's heart felt God's kneading hand.

I have not sailed across the sandy sea,
To the slow rocking of the desert ship;
At Ilbon's well, beside the palm-trees three,
I have not wet at eve my yearning lip;
My cloak beneath the tents I have not spread,
Slept in the dust which strewed Job's brow of yore,
Nor dreamt by night, with moaning sails o'erhead,
The dreams which Jacob dreamt before.

Of earth's seven pages one yet waits my eye,
I know not how the stars may keep their sphere—
'Neath what ideal weight the lungs may pine—
How palpitates the heart—when gods are near!
I know not, when the grand old columns throw
On the bard's head the shadows of the past,
How herbs may speak, or if earth murmurs low,
Or sadly weeps the passing blast.

I have not heard the nations' cries ascend,
And call responses from the cedars old,
Nor seen high Lebanon's God-sent eagles bend
Their flight on Tyre—emblems of wrath foretold;

My head I have not laid upon the mounds
Whence all of Tadmor but the name is gone,
Nor have my lonely footsteps woke the sounds
That sleep round Memnon's vacant throne.

I have not heard the mournful Jordan pour
Low murmurings from its abysmal caves,
Weeping sublimer tears than those of yore,
With which sad Jeremiah chilled its waves
I have not heard the soul within me sing
In that resounding grot, where, 'mid the night,
The bard-king's trembling fingers swept the string
Led by the hand of fiery light.

I have not traced the prints around that spot,
Where, 'neath the olive, Jesus weeping lay,
Nor on the straggling roots the tears have sought,
Which eager angels could not kiss away;
By night I have not in that garden watched,
Where, while the sweat of blood was undergone,
The echo of our griefs and sins unmatched
Resounded in one heart alone.

To that dead dust I have not bowed my head,
Which was by Christ's departing foot imprest,
Nor kissed the stones in which his mother laid
His tear-embalm'd remains of earth to rest;
Nor have I beat my bosom in the place,
Where, conquering the future by his death,
He stretched his arms all mankind to embrace,
And bled them with his latest breath.

For these things I depart—on these bestow
The span of worthless days yet left for me.
What boots it where the winter winds lay low
The barren trunk, the withered shadeless tree?
"Madman!" the crowd exclaims, itself unwise!
All do not find their food on every road—
The pilgrim-poet's food in thinking lies:
His heart lives on the works of God!

Adieu, my aged sire, and sisters dear!
My white and walnut-shaded home, adieu!
Farewell, my steeds, now idling all the year!
My lonely, heart-coached dogs, farewell to you!
Each image grieves, and haunts me like the ghost
Of biles departed, that would stay me faint:
Ah, may our reuniting hour be crost
By no like shades of doubt and pain!

And thou, my land, more vexed by surge and blast
Than the frail bark which now my all conveys,
Land, on whose fate the hopes of earth are cast,
Adieu! thy shores now fly my dimming gaze!
Oh, may a ray of heaven dispel the gloom
Which wraps thy freedom, temples, throne, and thee,
And all thy sacred borders re-illumine
With light of immortality!

And thou, Marseilles, that at the gates of France
Sistest as if to hail each coming guest,
Whose port smiles o'er these seas, with hope-bright glance
And seems for winged barks an eagle nest;
Where kindly hands yet feel the clasp of mine,
Where yet my feet half cling in fond sojourn,
Thine be my parting prayer, Marseilles, and thine
My first salute on my return!

THE WONDERS OF HORTICULTURE.

Innumerable are the advantages which mankind have derived from the horticulturists. Few would suppose that the peach (from which branched the nectarine) had its origin in the almond; or that the shaddock, the citron, the orange, and the lemon, proceeded from the diminutive wild lime. That favourite edible, celery, springs from a rank and acid root denominated smallage, which grows on all sides of ditches, and in the neighbourhood of the sea. The hazel-nut was the ancestor of the filbert and the cubnut, while the luscious plum can claim no higher source than the sloe. From the sour crab issues the golden pipkin, and the pear and cherry originally grew in the forest. The garden asparagus, which grows, though not very commonly, in stony and gravelly situations near the sea, when growing spontaneously, is a diminutive plant, and none indeed but practised eye, examining into the species which is reared by artificial culture, can discern the least resemblance. Wondrous to relate, the cauliflower, of which brocoli is a sub-variety, derives, together with the cabbage, from the colewort; a plant in its natural state, and scanty leaves, not weighing half an ounce. The Crambe Maritima, which is found wild adjacent to the sea, has been improved into sea-kale; the invaluable potato is the offspring of a bitter American root of spontaneous growth; and the all-tempering pine-apple descends from a fruit which in foreign climates grows wild by the sides of rivulets, and under the shade of lofty trees.—*Gardener's Gazette.*

NEW INVENTIONS.

It is no slight evidence of the inventive spirit of the age, that, almost at the same time, three apparently important discoveries in the departments of the fine arts should be made in Paris, Petersburg, and Berlin. While Daguerre, in Paris, found out how to produce the most accurate copies of objects in a chemical way, by means of the action of light; while Jacobi, in Petersburg, transformed, by a galvanic process, engravings on copper into works of relief, without destroying the former—an invention, by means of which it is possible to multiply, in a mechanical way, oil-paintings, with all their brilliancy of colours, and that with a fidelity hitherto unattainable, is approaching to perfection at Berlin; the inventor, Jacob Leipmann, has been led by his studies of colouring, and the mixing of colours, to the idea on which he has been already engaged ten years, till he has recently been enabled to accomplish the difficult object which he proposed to himself.—*Foreign Monthly Review.*

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